

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY:

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XII.]

Saturday, December 1, 1810.

[NO. 6.]

*History of*  
**KITTY WELLS.**

(A TRUE STORY.)

KITTY WELLS was the daughter of an honest pair, who lived in a low station in the village of Eltham, in Kent, about eight miles from London. Soon after her birth, her mother was engaged as house-keeper in a gentleman's family in Yorkshire, to which she removed, leaving her young daughter to the care of her father, who remained in their native place. The father, like most others of the same rank in life, thought nothing of his daughter's education ; he provided for her the same decent maintainance that he had for himself, and by his daily labour made them both comfortable, at least, if not luxurious.—About two years after the establishment of her mother in this northern family, she sent for her daughter, then about six years of age. She was

sent down to her in the wagon, and the mother received her into her bosom with all the transports of unbounded affection. The two old people had been very happy when together, and they were not miserable when they parted. The husband said that his wife had strange megrims now and then, which he did not know how to describe ; but which very near approached, in his opinion, to insanity. She also had her story, and said he was a dull, morose, plodding man, with only the vulgar qualities of honesty and industry to recommend him. In short, he was a simple, plain labourer—and she inherited a family obliquity—a whirligig in the brain, as Mr. Charles Turner calls it, which hurried her occasionally into whimsical excesses. When they parted, therefore, there were no violent convulsions of grief, and during their absence they seldom or ever corresponded : they were very well satisfied if they heard once or twice in a year that they were

both alive and well ; and he was quite happy when his old wife sent him up by the wagon a piece of hung beef or a tongue, to relish his beer, and prove, that she had not forgot him.

The good woman's distemper was very much fed by what is called the fun and the humbug of the large family in which she lived. There is a spirit of wanton wickedness alive and active in the breasts of a certain description of people, which urges them to mischiefs of humour, as they are called, but which are really productive of severe calamities. The lazy domestics of large families are more than others tainted with this vice, pampered and dissipated, acquainted with all the follies of the times, by the luxury of a winter residence in town, they play a thousand antic tricks for the sake of jollity as they practice a thousand debaucheries for the sake of enjoyment. If there is any ancient domestic, whose fidelity hath given him a sort of inheritance in the household, with all the simple honesty of a countryman, who never emigrated a dozen miles from the cottage in which he was born ; he is sure of being made the butt for ridicule of

the trim footman, and the pert chambermaid ; an old maid is chased from every corner to which she retreats, and is found to take refuge, at last, either in the out-houses among brutes more human than those from whom she has retired ; or to some unfortunate sister, driven like herself, from the abodes of men. A gentleman by which appellation every one is called, who has not had the good fortune, like themselves to sit in the one shilling gallery, and assist, by roaring and bellowing, at the damnation of a new play—a gentleman is condemned to suffer all, that empty pride and little cunning can inflict. In short, the manners of a great man's hall are tainted with follies more disgusting, even than those of his drawing-room—in the one, my lord and my lady—and my lord and my lady's friends are politely complaisant, and cheat one another out of their money, or whisper one another out of their reputation, with the most courteous and civil behaviour that can be imagined. In the other, there is a constant series of ill natured offices, by which they vex, torment, scratch, and pelt one another, with the best dispositions in the world, or rather with dispositions towards one



another neither good nor bad.

In such a family it was that the mother of Kitty Wells resided as housekeeper. By slow degrees, they discovered her mind was disordered with an irregular and unfortunate addiction to gentility—she was constantly fancying herself the descendant of some great family—her mind was so superior to her station, her views were so high, and her propensities so different from the vulgar. This was but an odd right on which to found her claim to gentility. But how many people are seen pretending to birth and rank with no better pretensions? how many miserable beings do we see rejecting every kindly offer that is made to assist them, because they are, or fancy themselves to be too much of gentlemen for the drudgery of business? and for the honor of their families, they will rather starve as gentlemen, than submit to live as citizens, on the comforts of their industry. The maiden-name of Kitty Wells's mother was Howe; the family in which she resided, lived in the neighbourhood of Castle Howard, the beautiful seat of the young Earl of Carlisle. One of the lowest of the servants, to whom Mrs. Wells

would never condescend to speak, "Because it would arrogate from the indignation of her rank, to hold aversion with such infernal sillies," had a good deal of archness in his mind; and being instigated by the haughty deportment of the housekeeper, as well as by his natural love of humbug, he came home one evening from a route, given by the butler of Castle Howard, with a most important face. He looked with all the gravity of a man who labours under the pressure of a weighty secret—his natural levity was gone—he was silent and circumspect, and ever as Mrs. Wells passed him with her uplifted crest, he would lay his hand upon his breast, and make her a low bow, without daring to lift his eyes from the ground. The servants stared—the housekeeper was gratified—and, in the course of half an hour, whisked into the hall six or seven times, to receive the reverence of Robin—upon all which occasions he started from his seat and repeated his bow. It was in vain for the servants to enquire the cause of this extraordinary conduct—he preserved his gravity, his silence, and his secret. The morning came, and Robin was

still as troubled in his mind, and as submissive to Mrs. Wells. After carrying on this gloomy farce for some days, and winding up to the utmost pitch the curiosity of the whole family, he suffered himself to be prevailed on by one of the dairy maids, a talkative girl, with whom he had an intrigue, to declare the whole of the mystery. After extorting from her a solemn promise of secrecy, which he very well knew she would without solemnity break, he told her a wonderful story of an apparition that had appeared to him on the night of the route. "In coming, says he, from the castle, down the long avenue, which is shaded with elms, I was not altogether at my ease, for you know there was always a story that a ghost has been seen wandering about the walls of the castle—it was twelve o'clock, and the night was dimly dark; there was not a single star in all the heavens, and there was no moon. I whistled to keep myself from thinking—but it would not do—my hair somehow was unsettled—it felt as if it were bristling on my head—and I was constantly turning my eyes, by compulsion, from one side to another, attracted by the sup-

position of a glaring head, or of a bloody hand. Just as I came to the pigeon-house, and was in all this confusion, I heard a flutter of something behind me, I started, stood still shook, and stared, but saw nothing. Well, I collected myself as well as I could, believed it was only a pigeon; and I crept away from the place; I had not gone a hundred yards, and just as I had made up my mind to believe that it was a pigeon, I was stopped of a sudden by some invisible power. It came over me all at once, just like the night-mare; but somehow I was not so terrified as before, or rather I was petrified, and was not able to use my feet at all. 'Robin,' said a voice, that came from I know not what: "Lord have mercy upon me!" said I. "Robin don't be afraid," said the voice. "Our father which art in heaven!" said I.—"Don't be afraid, Robin," it repeated, "I am only a ghost, and I have wandered up and down this avenue, and round the castle for this hundred years and more. I am the ghost of Charles Howard; the unhappy Charles Howard, who was said to have died an infant, but who was really exposed and saved by accident. I was



carried to Manchester, and brought up by the name of Howe, to the mean employment of a weaver, although I was the son of Castle Howard; and Mrs. Wells, Robin your housekeeper, is my granddaughter. Oh! that the granddaughter of Castle Howard should be reduced to the station of a menial servant, and that too under the very walls of her own seat! go, therefore, Robin, and contrive to make her leave a place where she cannot continue without degrading her ancestors. Robin, I shall never be happy 'till my grand-child leaves this spot. If she must be a servant, let it not be upon my own haunts, for I dare not leave them." This was the secret with which Robin, was so full, he told it with great art, for he had an archness, accompanied with an easy cunning address, which he had acquired by living with a young barrister of the Middle Temple. Just as he had imagined; the story was told, improved, heightened, and inflated to a pitch of terrific wonder in less than four hours.—The same night at an hour the most favourable to superstition and credulity, the story was communicated to the person

whom it was intended to delude: where the heart was pre-disposed to favour the deception; the conquest was very easy. Poor Mrs. Wells, who was but too fanciful before, became, in a great degree, frantic with the tale, she slept none that night, in the morning she sought for Robin, there was a formal ceremony in this interview, they were locked up in her room, and he told her the story twenty times over, with the same inflexible muscles, and without altering a syllable of the ghost's narrative.—

During all this time the other servants were watching at the door, listening, and anxious to catch a glimpse of the scene transacting within. Mrs. Wells was so infatuated with the story, that in half an hour she came out perfectly ridiculous, dressed out, and bedizened with a profusion of taudry ornaments, in which the yellow was paramount, because the yellow was the lively of Howard. The servants now perceived the humbug, Robin was extolled, caressed, and for mere joy, the butler opened the best bin in the cellar, and treated the whole family with bumpers, to the health of Robin, and "his new-created lady in Mary Howard," any,

the openness of his heart, he treated his master at dinner with a bottle of that wine which he had reserved for his own drinking. They entered into a conspiracy to further the plot, and Robin was sent over to engage the servants of the castle in the scheme. Alas! there was not much need for preparation, the poor woman's own temper fought more than half the battle.

(To be Continued.)

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*Singular escape from a Nunnery.*

THE escape (says Sir G. Staunton, in his account of the Embassy) of an intended victim to devotion made some noise, about this time in Tenerife. A young lady, during her noviciate, had, by uncommon accident, the opportunity of seeing a youth who inspired her with a passion inconsistent with her former views of religious retirement.

Notwithstanding the apparent freedom left to novices to alter their intentions, it is, in fact, as unsafe as it is rare.—This young novice manifested no symptoms of reluctance in pursuing her original vocation,

and preparations were made for the awful ceremony of taking the last solemn vow to renounce the world. On such occasions it is the custom to throw open the gates of the convent, in order to satisfy the public that the ladies within them are equally at liberty to quit them altogether, or to continue within its walls. When the day arrived, which was to seal her doom and resign her for ever to the cloister, her relations and friends assembled, as is usual, to be present on the occasion. In the crowd of the spectators was the young gentleman, who was disputing with heaven the fair victim.

After a solemn exhortation from the pulpit, that now the final moment was arrived when she was to devote herself to God, abandoning all sublunary considerations, as well as all ties of affection, or of blood, or instantly to quit the holy place she then inhabited, for ever; she stretched out her hand to the youth, who advanced quickly to receive it, and hurrying her directly from the church; while the priests, the nuns, her relations, and the people, stood motionless with astonishment, the happy pair got soon safely to a place where they were married.



## The SPECULATOR.

## NUMBER VI.

SATURDAY, Dec. 1, 1810.

*Noris quam elegans formarum Spectator Siem.* TER. EUN.—Act 3, Sc. 5.

I Promised a few weeks back, to give my readers a Speculation On COQUETRY—and I now intend to fulfil that stipulation.

The subject I confess has been treated on by a much abler pen than mine; nevertheless, as I do not intend to be guilty of plagiarism, I shall venture, in the hope at least, of advancing *something* new. To give a complete definition of the word *Coquette*, I believe would be out of the power of man, I shall therefore not attempt it. A Coquette is a *being* with which we are all acquainted, but which none of us are able properly to describe.

The species are generally to be found amidst noise and confusion; the courts of riot and revel are their usual haunts; and social peace, or domestic felicity, is their mortal aversion. The Coquette is of feminine-gender, and always is, or supposes herself possessed of beauty, and *superlative* at-

tractions. I have no question that many Females are born with the inherent seeds of Coquetry, which can never be eradicated; but it is also my opinion, that where there is *one* of that description, there are *ten* who have become so by a false Education, the folly of parents, or the flattery of a corrupted world.

Nothing is more common, than upon the appearance of the first germe of beauty in a female child, than for her parents and relations to lay out and plan the future fortune of the possessor. As soon as she can lisp, her first lesson is to despise those of her equals who lack so *handsome* an exterior as herself. She must not be chid, let her fault be ever so reprehensible, lest it should spoil the regularity of her features; the domestical duties of an industrious girl, she must have nothing to do with, for fear of its injuring her complexion; useful studies must by no means be attended to, as possibly it might damp Miss's vivacity. In short, every thing is neglected except the dancing and music master: and the time that ought to be beneficially employed is wasted away in a continual round of tea and card parties, or the

idle tittle-tattle of frippery and nonsense ; and at the age of sixteen or seventeen the young lady appears on the stage of life, surrounded by a string of admirers, an *accomplished—ready made—Coquette!* possessed of no one substantial qualification—with just sense enough to admire her own face, and to treat with contempt every person who refuses to pay homage to her *immaculate* charms.

Others, from the want of a proper attention, in those who have the management of their Education, are suffered to go on and peruse every kind of trash that falls in their way ; and, not being able themselves to make a just distinction between the good and bad, frequently imbibe principles of the most pernicious nature ; they have a selection of Heroines, who have *cut* a considerable figure through four or five volumes of Romantic stuff, and shape their conduct as closely after those favourites, as possible ; not considering that the personages, whose manners they copy, never had, or could have had, existence in real life. By such loose, and indiscriminate reading, many females who might have added lustre to their sex, be-

come vain and self-elated Coquettes, by theoretical *example*.

Another species of *Coquette's* is formed by the world.—A young lady entering life, with a large share of personal advantages, and a mind tolerably cultivated, will never want flatterers or admirers : they are to be found in all public places : and, as nothing is so acceptable as flattery and admiration, they gain easy admittance to the ear of vanity, if they do not touch the heart ; and undermine the pillars of Reason, confuse the accumulations of Sense, and leave nothing in their stead, but the phantoms Folly and Affectation ! The female therefore, who barter good sense, for the flippant attentions and praises of a Coxcomical tribe of idlers, sinks from the dignity of a woman, and soon becomes a *Brilliant Coquette*.—Those who are Coquettes by *nature*, I shall silently pass by, as perfectly incorrigible, and employ a few minutes in inquiring, what benefit the vain beauty derives from the arts of Coquetry ? It is a fixed, and immutable principle, that all mankind were created for the benefit of each other : and, if that axiom be allowed, the Coquette questionless destroys



the very end of her creation : for, instead of benefitting her fellow-mortals, it is her constant study to devise plans for their torment and mortification; in truth, she is not only the common disturber of others, but a continual source of misery to herself. Vain, suspicious, envious, deceitful, and tyrannical, she takes no delight except in the exertion of one or other of those baleful passions. And what is her ultimate aim? Power; grant that she possesses it : like all other ill-gotten rank, its duration is short : time withers the tenure upon which she held it, and she sinks into the back ground, a living monument for the finger of pity and contempt to point at ! Is it universal admiration she sighs for? She may likely suppose herself in the possession—but her suppositions are as visionary as the foundation upon which they are built. The intriguing arts of a Coquette are speedily developed by the observing part of men, her aims and propensities are scan'd without difficulty, and they merely follow her train as admirers, out of *complaisance*, while in secret they detest her for her wily deceit ; and Fops and Fools dance attendance at her *levees*,

for the sake of fashion, and the want of other employ. As the Coquetts' professed object is universal homage, she seldom or ever obtains a partner for life ; should she ever have had serious offers, they are rejected until some future opportunity : always considering it *too early* to give up her universal sway, as she is pleased to term it ; and this delusory dream generally lasts for such a length of time, that when she awakes, nothing meets her eye but a drear vacuity ! The ephemeral throng has fled, her reputation blighted, and she quits the scene to brood over self-acquired misfortunes, and to maraud upon the reputation of her neighbours, bearing the worst of titles that of a *Splene-tic old maid* ! Is such a character enviable ? Examine the picture, it is not by any means highly coloured, and falls far short of the original.—Then, my fair Countrywomen, if you would pass through the world with happiness, let the morning of your days be employed in the cultivation of the *mind* as well as the *person*, partake of the pleasures of life, but avoid its dissipations : and your meridian will be gilded with content. The care of your infant progeny will cause

you ten times more *ineffable* delight, than all the amusements ever formed by the votaries of fashion and extravagance; in the evening of your existence, no thorns of conscience will rankle in your bosoms or disturb the serenity of your mind, but blest, and amid these blessings you will receive the Reward of *Virtue* in the Approbation of your Friends.

\*\*\* Timothy Quibble, must pay his bets; and the only advice I can give him, is, in future to keep his money in his pocket.

Simon Softly is inadmissible, if he is such a stupid fellow as to get himself kick'd, for *running his head against a post*, he must e'en pocket his drubbing in 'silent sorrow.'

If D. D. does not cease his impertinent remarks to unprotected females who have occasion to pass St. Paul's after it becomes dark, I shall expose his name. I have an eye upon several such *sparks*. A.

A shrewish wife pressing her husband to partake of some *mock turtle soup*, he peevishly replied, No, my dear, I thank you, I have had a surfeit of *mock turtle* since I married.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

## VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED:

"Care to our Coffin, adds a Nail, no doubt:  
But ev'ry Grin, so merry, draws one out."

'Why not send for a doctor?' said a man to his friend, 'Because,' replied he, 'though very ill, I do not yet wish to die.'

A person complained to Ali, saying, 'A man has declared that he dreamed he slept with my mother. May I not inflict upon him the punishment of the law? What is it?' Ali replied, 'Place him in the sun, and beat his shadow: for what can be inflicted on an imaginary crime, but imaginary correction?'

A flimsy novelist, having scribbled a volume of 'tales,' for the instruction of the fair sex, asked a late theatrical performer, with whom he was acquainted, to look over his manuscript, and give him a motto from Shakespeare that would be pat to the purpose. It was returned with the following written in the title page.

"Tales, told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."



*Infallible Cure for the Rheumatism.*

Take sharp Vinegar (the sharper the better) and rub well the part affected with it as warm as the patient can bear, for ten minutes, and apply wrapping paper to it dipt in vinegar, to be renewed twice a day, viz. in the morning before breakfast, and in the evening going to bed. When the patient begins to make use of the vinegar, it is necessary to take a strong physic, and at the same time one spoonful of molasses and flour of sulphur mixed together, before breakfast, and another when going to bed, and in a few days the patient will be perfectly cured.

*Cure for the Dropsy.*

Mr. Asa Thomas, of the town of Milton, Caswell county, North Carolina, under the date of the 19th of August, prescribes the following as a certain cure for the Dropsy.

Take a chicken hen, (a fat one is best) pick and clean it well, take out the entrails, (liver excepted) and without washing the fowl, put it into a mortar, beat it until it can be put into a jug, a stone one is best, cork the jug well; then put it into a vessel of water, boil it three or four hours; then

teem the oil from the fowl.— Take a common wine glass full of this oil three times a day, let the diet be hard biscuit, or something that is of a dry nature; make use of bitters occasionally.

To substantiate the above, Mr. Thomas says; 'I have been personally acquainted with a man for twenty years, who lives in Halifax county, Virginia, who says he was cured by this simple medicine (which was communicated to him by an old lady of said county) after he had been tapped five times and intended to be tapped the sixth time, though as dog days were approaching he felt diffident; therefore resorted to the above receipt. I saw him yesterday and conversed with him he told me he was perfectly well and he appears as perfectly clear of that complaint as any one of my acquaintance, and has been so for 12 months.

A very thin audience attended the third representation of a new comedy, the author observed, 'Oh, it is entirely owing to the war.' 'Oh no,' cried the manager, 'it is actually owing to the piece.'

Wit is chiefly conversant in tracing resemblances.

## LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, December 1, 1810.

*"Be it our task,  
To note the passing tidings of the time."*

*The City Inspector reports the death of 33 persons in this city and suburbs during the last week.*

The Venus frigate, capt. Crawford, from New-York, arrived out in 33 days passage. Mr. Jackson landed the 19th of October.

During the late heavy rains, the bridge lately built across the Concocheague at Williamsport, was entirely swept away, together with a number of mills, distilleries, &c.

*Melancholy Accident.*—We are informed that Mr. Elias White, of West-hampton, was accidentally shot November 22d, by Mr. Jonathan Reeves, as they were hunting in the woods. They were in pursuit of a deer, and the unfortunate man was mistaken in the thicket for the animal. He has left a numerous and destitute family.

*Boston, Nov. 21.*

*Melancholy Event.*—We are informed that the eight children, (Mary, Harriet, Eliza, Nancy, Caroline, John, Stoddard, and Henry) of William Hoags, late of Newton, in this state, now resident at Quebec, being sent for by their father, and being on their journey, in company with Mr. George Cook, and two boatmen, were all drowned in Lake Champlain, on Saturday the 10th inst. There was one other person in the boat, who saved himself on a bunch of brooms.

## SHIPWRECKS.

*Charleston, Oct. 13.*

On the Florida shore, we have learnt by the schooner Mary-Ann, captain Baker, from St. Mary's, the following particulars:

The brig George, Decone, of New-York, from Liverpool, was lost in the same gale near St. Augustine, and one of the seaman, named James Woods, was drowned; the remainder of the crew were saved.

The packet sloop Intrepid, Fowler, from St. Mary's, of and bound for Savannah, with a number of passengers, encountered the same gale, and was driven ashore at St. Augustine bar; the vessel and cargo entirely lost, as also we are sorry to say, several of the passengers; among those who perished were Mrs. Fowler, the wife of captain F. with her three children; Miss Fisher of Savannah, sister to Mrs. Fowler, and Mrs. Batey, an elderly lady, and her female servant. Mrs. Beard, of St. Mary's who was on board, was providentially saved by drifting on shore on a part of the quarter deck; as was also captain Fowler and most of the crew. Our informant assures us that most, if not all of those who were drowned might have been saved, but for the inhuman and unpardonable indifference of the inhabitants, who would not render them any assistance.

The United States gun-boat, No 159, which sailed from this port upwards of 2 months since, bound to St. Mary's, has never arrived at that port, nor has any intelligence whatever been received of her; it is supposed that she must have been lost at sea, and that all on board perished.

*November 12.*

Arrived, schooner Liberty, Fox, East Florida. By this arrival we have received accounts of the following shipwrecks



on the Florida shore;—ship *Caroline*, Curtis, of and from New Orleans, with a cargo of cotton, bound to Liverpool, went ashore on the 25th ult. in lat. 27, 23, the vessel and cargo entirely lost; one of the crew died of fatigue three days after landing; the rest were all saved, and have arrived here in the *Liberty*.—The Spanish ship *Union*, Domingo Antonio Lordau, master, from Havanna bound to London, with a cargo of Logwood, went ashore on the same day, in the same gale, and near the same place with the *Caroline*. The captain, mate, second mate, and 2 men were drowned: the remainder of the crew, 15 in number, were saved, and are also passengers in the *Liberty*. The Spanish brig *African*, Don Francisco Garcia, master, from Havanna bound to New-York, went ashore at the same time and place: the vessel, cargo and one man were lost. Captain George Moulder, a passenger in the *African*, together with the crew of that vessel, have arrived in the *Liberty*: the captain, and Mr. Jacob Ogden, a passenger, were left on the beach, the weather being so boisterous it was impossible to get them on board: and indeed so completely was the *Liberty* filled, being but a small pilot-boat, that it seems almost impossible to have taken on board, and those who were in her were compelled to remain in the respective stations in which they were placed, for fear of upsetting her, should they all get upon one side. The schr. *Triton*, John Hand, jun. master, of Philadelphia from Havanna, with a cargo of sugar, coffee and logwood, bound to Richmond, was wrecked on the 19th ult, near the same place with the others: the vessel, cargo and one man lost. The captain, mate and supercargo of this vessel were also left on the beach: the crew arrived in the *Liberty*. In addition to these vessels, it is supposed that others must have been lost in the same gale, as the shore was lined with dead bodies and

the fragments of wrecks. The persons saved from the wrecks suffered extreme hardships, some of them having been compelled to travel 20 miles on the beach before they were able to obtain any subsistence.

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In the gale from the 23d to the 26th ult. at Havannah, 30 sail of vessels were lost, and 43 driven on shore. Among the vessels lost, were the ship *Friendship*, of New-York; sloop *Liberty*, and schooner *Munro*, of Norfolk; and ship *Betsey*, of Philadelphia. Several vessels were run down by a Spanish 74. This news comes by the schooner *Fly*, Gould, arrived at Norfolk, in 9 days from Havanna.

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*Philadelphia, Nov. 19.*

Arrived this morning, ship *Commerce*, capt. Ray, 49 days from Cadiz—Spoke captain Montgomery, of the *Huntress*, hence for New-York, five leagues east of Cape May, who informed, that a ship and a schooner were ashore near Cape May, and all hands perished. Captain B. saw a schooner and two sloops ashore on Chincoteague.

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*Extract of a letter from Aux Cays, Oct. 20, to a merchant in Newburyport.*

This will inform you of the loss of the schooner *Columbia* in a hurricane, near this place, on the morning of the 28th ult. together with a greater part of her cargo. Such a scene of devastation was never before witnessed by the oldest inhabitants of this place. Every vessel and boat afloat went ashore. The vessels, whose fate I have heard, are the *Centaur* sloop of war: ship *Helen*, of London, nearly loaded with coffee: schr *Dish*, of Marblehead: schr *Washington*, from Boston: schr *Margaret*, of Baltimore: a pilot boat: and schr *Columbia*. Scarcely a house in town re-

remained unroofed, and many were blown down. Nearly 100 persons lost their lives, and after the gale, their bodies were dug from the ruins.

A handsome cook-wench, at one of the Inns at Bath, (Eng.) having mislaid her apron, took down a large posting bill of the evening's play, which hung in the bar, and pinned it before her; the play was "*The Road to Ruin.*"

#### MARRIED,

On the 24th ult. by the rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. John Cole, to Miss Sarah Ackerman, both of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the rev. Mr. Harris, Peter Bours, esq. of Utica, to Miss Mary Walker Robinson, eldest daughter of Capt. Thomas Robinson.

On the 26th ult. by the rev. Mr. Roan, John Anthon, esq. to Miss Junith Hone, daughter of Mr. John Hone.

On Wednesday last, by the rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. Jacob Mott, of the firm of Williams and Mott, to Miss Mary Anderson, all of this city.

On Tuesday last, by the rev. Mr. How, Capt. John Aldbuoy, to Miss Maria Millar, daughter of the late rev. Dr. Millar.

By the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Geraham Miller to Miss Fanny Bartram, only daughter of Benjamin Bartram.

At Hudson, Goreham H. Worth, cashier of the Hudson Bank, to Miss Lydia Dakin.

At Albany, Martin Rueff, esq. to Miss Elizabeth Lansing.

At Troy, Mr. Jeremiah Heath, to Miss Rhoda Freeman, daughter of Mr. Charles Freeman, of that town.

At Wilmington (Del.) the 13th, ult. by the rev. Gideon Ferrel, Mr. James Mathews of Newark, to Miss Sarah McIntire, of Wilmington.

At Canada, Col. Ward Walton, merchant, of Lenox, Madison county N. Y. to Miss Susan Ensign, of the former place.

#### DIED,

On Wednesday last, Mrs. Gates, relict of the late Horatio Gates.

On Sunday evening last, aged 46 years, Mr. James Honeywell, merchant, much respected by his family and friends.

After a long and painful illness, which she bore with christian fortitude and resignation, Mrs. Elizabeth Andrews, wife of Mr. John Andrews of this city.

On Thursday morning, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Eagerly.

On Tuesday morning, aged 35, Mr. Aaron Gardner.

In the Mississippi territory, Capt. Pascall S. Blagge, of New-York.

At St. Croix, in May last, Mr. Henry Rice, of E. Greenwich, mate of the brig Hunter.

In the city of Worcester, (Eng.) of apoplexy, in August last, Mr.

Chalmers, a comedian of considerable provincial celebrity in England, as well as in the United States.

On his passage from Martinique to Boston, aged 36, Samuel Cary, jun. esq. merchant of the former place.

At Charleston, on the 2d ult. at his plantation on Santee, William Buford, esq. aged 45.

At New Orleans, Dr. James Alexander, of Virginia.

At Richmond, suddenly, Capt. John Heth, a member of the Cincinnati.





"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,  
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

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(SELECTED.)

### GOODY BLAKE & HARRY GILL.

*A True Story.*

(Concluded.)

And once behind a rick of barley,  
Thus looking out did Harry stand :  
The moon was full and shining clearly,  
And crisp with frost the stubble land.  
—He hears a noise—he's all awake—  
Again ;—on tiptoe down the hill  
He softly creeps : 'Tis Goody Blake,  
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld her ;  
Stick after stick did Goody pull,  
He stood behind a bush of elder,  
Till she had fill'd her apron full.  
When with her load she turn'd about,  
The bye road back again to take,  
He started forward with a shout,  
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,  
And by the arm he held her fast,  
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,  
and cried, 'I've caught you then at last!  
Then Goody, who had nothing said,  
Her bundle from her lap let fall :  
And kneeling on the sticks, she pray'd,  
To God that is the judge of all.

She pray'd her wither'd hand unprear-  
ing,

While Harry held her by the arm—  
'God ! who art never out of hearing,  
O may he never more be warm !'  
The cold, cold moon above her head,  
Thus on her knees did Goody pray,  
Young Harry heard what she had said,  
And icy cold he turn'd away.

He went complaining all the morrow  
That he was cold and very chill :  
His face was gloom, and his heart was  
sorrow,

Alas that day for Harry Gill !  
That day he wore a riding coat,  
But not a whit the warmer he :  
Another was on Thursday brought,  
And ere the Sabbath he had three,

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,  
And blankets were about him pinn'd :  
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,  
Like a loose casement in the wind.  
And Harry's flesh it fell away ;  
And all who see him say 'tis plain,  
That live as long as live he may,  
He never will be warm again.

No word to any one he utters,  
A bed or up, to young or old ;  
But ever to himself he mutters,  
'Poor Harry Gill is very cold.'  
A bed or up, by night or day ;  
His teeth they chatter, chatter still,  
Now think, ye farmers all I pray,  
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

### THE RUINS.

BY SELLECK OSBORN.

I'VE seen, in twilight's pensive hour :  
The moss clad dome, the mouldering  
tower,

In awful ruin stand—  
That dome were grateful voices sung,  
That tower whose chiming music rung  
Majestically grand !

I've seen mid sculptured pride the tomb,  
Where heroes slept in silent gloom,  
Unconscious of their fame—  
Those who, with laurel'd honors  
crown'd,  
Among their foes spread terror round,  
And gain'd—an empty name!

I've seen in death's dark palace laid,  
The ruins of a beauteous maid,  
Cadaverous and pale!—  
That maiden, who, while life remain'd,  
O'er rival charms in triumph reign'd,  
The mistress of the vale.

I've seen, where dungeon damp's abide,  
A youth, admired in manhood's pride,  
In fancied greatness rove,—  
He, who, in *Reason's* happier day,  
Was virtuous, witty, noble, gay,  
Learn'd, generous and brave.

Nor dome, nor tower, in twilight shade,  
Nor hero fallen, nor beauteous maid—  
To *Ruin* all consign'd!  
Can with such *pathos* touch my breast,  
As (on the maniac's form imprest)  
THE RUINS OF ANOBLE MIND

From the *Columbian*.

#### THE INDIAN GIRL'S SONG.

OH! whither doth my warrior stray!  
He hath been absent all the day,  
To seek him where shall Luna roam?  
My Adam n'er will see his home.

He's surely murdered in the wood,  
Or buried in yon foaming flood—  
Ah! me, my eyes they close in sorrow,  
They'll sing for me the dirge to-morrow.

But when they lay me on the bier,  
My Adam's spirit will be near;  
And when these limbs in earth are laid,  
The warrior, then, may claim his maid.

#### ON MODESTY.

As lamps burn steadiest with unglaring  
light,  
So Modesty in Beauty shines most  
bright,  
Charms unambitious powers resistless  
boast,  
And she who means no mischief does  
the most.

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